

by John Findura, from Juked #6, Spring 2009

ONE ACT PLAYS

The executioner loved bondage
and the star opened her wrists
onstage while the supporting
cast drank behind the screen

I was only a voice, covered
in black, a small stitched rip
in the shoulder, mended quickly

When she used her eventual
skills of needles and leverage
of string to suspend me

She, of course, was always
important like a flashlight
near a cliff on a dark night

Things, though, moved quickly
off-balance, eventually ending
in the rain beside a flat tire